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A detailed black and white illustration of a flowering branch, possibly a rose, with leaves and small blossoms, extending from the left side of the cover towards the center.

# California and Other Poems

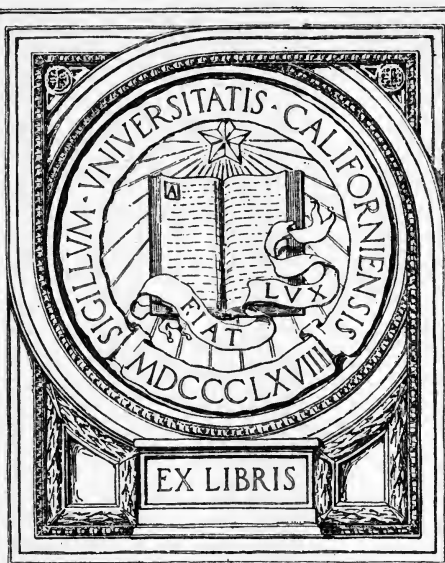
by

A large, elegant, swirling line that starts near the word 'by' and loops around the author's name.

Mary Pearle

GIFT OF

*Mrs. Mary Beale*



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AMERICAN



Mary Kaule

# CALIFORNIA

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AND

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# OTHER POEMS

By  
MARY PEARLE

San Francisco  
Press of The James H. Barry Co.  
1915

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

## THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS

Christmas chimes ring out with gladness,  
Christmas cheer dispels earth's sadness,  
Christmas hearts send forth glad greeting,  
Christmas hands clasp warm at meeting.

Happy thoughts in all minds springing,  
Happy voices gaily singing,  
Happy smiles on beaming faces,  
Happy scenes in market places.

Jolly firesides, guileless pleasures,  
Jolly friendship, token treasures,  
Jolly babies, full of laughter,  
Jolly times, before and after.

Santa Claus is surely coming,  
Santa Claus his gay song humming,  
Santa Claus by reindeer borne,  
O'er the hills on Christmas morn.

Stockings hung in countless rows,  
Baby stockings out at toes;  
Restless heads keep, all the night,  
Popping up from pillows white—

Wondering if Santa came;  
Had the reindeer all got lame  
O'er the Rocky Mountains toiling  
Hard, to keep the toys from spoiling?

Christmas chimes ring out the story  
Of the King of grace and glory,  
Of His star the wise men guiding  
To the Babe pure and confiding.

Would our hearts were childlike holy  
And our lives more meek and lowly;  
Full of tenderness and love  
Like the Christ Child from above.

Massassaga Point.

My Dear Mrs. Pearle:—

Verily your "Christmas Chimes ring out with gladness,"  
in a happy, silvery tone and pleasing measure, telling the  
old, old, sweet story. The story I will read to-morrow.

Wishing you and your dear ones many happy returns of  
the season, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

December 23, 1892.

CALISTA I. CZARA.





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1915  
By **MARY PEARLE**

**326034**



## CALIFORNIA.

Often in the quiet gloaming  
Of a balmy sunny day,  
Viewing the majestic beauty  
Of the green hills far away,  
To my soul, I voice, in rapture  
"There is charm everywhere.  
Truly 'tis the land of Promise  
California! rich and fair."

Meditating 'mid thy flowers,  
Smiling to the suncrowned sky  
Comes a flood of inspiration—  
Thoughts of things that cannot die.  
O'er my soul thy spell alluring  
Casts the magic of desire,  
For I am part of California  
And together we aspire.

California! 'Neath the shadow  
Of thy mountains green and gray,  
In the hazy mellow moonlight,  
Fancy free, I often stray  
To a cottage in the highlands,  
Covered with the frozen snow,  
Where we dream of California—  
In the happy long ago.

We, the children of the ages,  
Schooled in European lore,  
Turned from the ancient pages  
To a later, fairer, shore,

Leaving frost and snow behind us,  
Moving to a hope sublime,  
Risking all for California  
And its fascinating clime.

Native Sons! and Native Daughters  
Of the glorious Golden West,  
Yours, indeed a sacred birthright  
To the fairest land and best.  
But, with loyal, loving kindness  
Note the strangers at your gate,  
Welcome them to California  
Although born, alas! too late.

California, highly favored  
Above ancient Greece and Rome,  
Open wide thy golden portals  
That the strangers may find home.  
Give the Brotherhood of Nations  
Entertainment for the night,  
When the World's Exposition  
And its glory loom in sight!

California! God's own country,  
Proudly scorn each evil thing,  
Let the light of Sinai's mountain  
Guiding rays around you fling.  
Righteousness exalts thy banners,  
Queen of every other state,  
Therefore be your watchword ever  
"The good alone are great."

## "BEAUTY MADE THE WORLD."

Emerson.

This world is beautiful with shine and shade  
E'en though its roses droop and fade,  
And its lilies do not stay.  
There is freshness on the summer hills,  
A thrill of rapture in the rippling rills  
Where little minnows play.

The sea is fair with calm and billow  
Where aching heads oft find a pillow  
So wonderfully soft;  
O! give me a nook by the wild, free sea  
Where the white foam dashes a kiss to me  
As the sailors go aloft!

And the woods! O, the woods are fair to see,  
Where the wild birds chant sweet melody,  
Gay songs of faith and love.  
O, give me a seat 'neath the forest tree,  
With my dearest friend in converse with me,  
And the soft blue clouds above.

They tell me of heavenly lands more bright,  
Where there shall never more be night,  
And suns shall never set.  
Yet methinks I should miss the moonlight soft  
And the gentle touch of a hand that oft  
My own in the pale light met.

And that cottage home 'neath the old oak tree,  
Pictured so plain in memory,

My fancy still enthalls.

For I shall never on this earthly plane

Find the contentment and love again

I found within its walls.

Blame me not, if I call earth good

Though heaven may suit a sadder mood,

To-day I am content

To bask in the beauty God has given,

Until in the better land of heaven

My future life is spent.

And oft at eve, when the sun is low,

I look toward the west, where the sky, aglow

With his departing kiss,

Mirrors that Paradise far away,

While I wonder if Celestial day

Can be more fair than this.

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### MEMORIAL POEM.

The morn has dawned upon the night of sorrow,

For which we prayed a little while ago;

And he has entered on that bright to-morrow,

Triumphant over death and pain and woe.

Nearer, My God, to Thee, in anguish

He prayed in agony of mortal pain;

"Thy will be done," although the body languish,

He softly murmured o'er and o'er again.

He was a hero. For his country's glory,  
He risked his life, when in his youthful prime;  
And dark the blot upon that country's story,  
Left by the dastardly assassin's crime.

In perfect safety oft through din of battle,  
He moved, while bullets flew around like rain;  
Bearing dispatches 'neath the cannon's rattle,  
To his commander, o'er beleaguered plain.

And yet, strange fate! At zenith of his power,  
Upon the day named for him at the feast;  
He fell a martyr, in the festive hour—  
The nation's ruler and the people's guest.

Oh! watchman, tell us from thy clearer vision,  
What of the night? Its gloom is o'er us still;  
Is there no message from the land Elysian,  
Urging submission to Jehovah's will?

Must anarchy enthrall our souls with terror,  
In a land redeemed by patriotic blood?  
How can we best eradicate all error,  
And become strong in Christian brotherhood?

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, weary watchman, on the walls of Zion;  
Proclaim the Gospel of a purer creed;  
With God's good laws for nations to rely on—  
There is no room for anarchy or greed.

"Thy will be done," above earth's dread commotion,  
"Nearer, my God, to 'Thee," at any cost;  
Till in the calm of the eternal ocean,  
The tears of time shall be forever lost.

## THE SONG.

Softly and sweetly each glad note  
Fell on my raptured ear,  
As minor chords their burdens float  
Upon the morning air.  
I stood and listened. Silent tears  
Welled up into my eyes;  
And for the moment life appears  
A breath of Paradise.

Louder still the notes flow on,  
Like triumph over pain.  
My soul soars on the wings of song  
Up to a higher plain.  
The anguish of my heart is healed,  
The wrongs of time forgot.  
The word unkind forever sealed  
Upon that hallowed spot.

I looked around. Not far or high  
The singer and his art.  
Within a thicket I espy  
The lute that touched my heart.  
A wounded lark, within the brake  
Imprisoned and in pain,  
Sang on through bitterest care and ache  
This beautiful refrain:

"Hope on! hope on! relief is near.  
Sing on! the end is nigh.  
Love on! for love casts out the fear  
That cowards have to die!



Work on! 'The morn is bright and fair  
And life is sweet at noon.  
But night is ever drawing near  
And darkness comes too soon."

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## IN MEMORIAM.

F. M. Milne—April 21, 1910.

Calmly she sleeps in the arms eternal,  
After the burden and heat of the day.  
Breathing the odor of flowers ever vernal  
In the beautiful city over the way.

She wrote of sweet rest and of heavenly beauty;  
She told us of God's tender pity and care.  
Her incentive to faithful performance of duty  
Was faith in the beautiful home over there.

Her smile was a reflex of that inward glory;  
It beamed like the sun on the rich and the poor.  
Her life illustrated the sweet, tender story  
Of hope and redemption and pardon secure.

How calmly she sleeps 'mid the lilies and roses,  
Embalmed in the shrine of our tenderest love,  
Saying from the glory in which she reposes,  
"Set your affections upon things above."

Sadly and sorely our city will miss her  
Culture, her talent, her influence sweet,  
'Twas the angel of life and of love that did kiss her  
And woo her away to ideals more sweet.

## INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1913.

The years roll on: time's chariot dashing  
To earth the noble and the good,  
While from Eternity this truth is flashing:  
Death cannot sever bonds of brotherhood

And Freedom's laws stand written on Creation,  
In language plain that all may understand  
The crowning glory of this favored nation,  
Where Independence waves its banner grand,

Beneath which the stranger of every nation  
Finds hearty welcome, shelter and employ;  
No matter what his color, creed, or station,  
America would crown his life with joy.

And molding it to the culture of the ages,  
Leaving the blinding desert sands behind,  
Opening inspiration's golden pages  
To educate the slave idea from the mind.

Adopting him into a kingdom newly born  
Where every man may rule by right divine,  
Conquering wrong and laughing graft to scorn,  
Marching toward Progress along straighter lines.

Great Father of the universe, our praises  
Ascend to-day for mercies of the past;  
Preserve to us the virtue that thus raises,  
Our Nation to honors that forever last.

## A MUTE APPEAL.

In mute appeal their unsealed eyes look upward  
Into the azure that obscures God's throne;  
"We fought for liberty, fought nobly and fell bravely  
Defending what thou gavest us to own.  
Appealing to the clemency of nations,  
We fought like heroes, yet like dogs we lie  
Unburied. How invincible the armor  
Death's angel folds around the brave who die."

"Let the dead bury their dead," though sin and sorrow  
Impede discipleship with Christ, the good;  
Retributive justice on the dawning morrow  
Demands respect for human brotherhood.  
"Blest are the Merciful," thus taught the Master,  
In that immortal Sermon on the Mount,  
Oh, Kitchener, by whate'er creeds you name Him,  
You hold His precepts of but small account.

Hearken, the nations cry, "For shame, Old England;  
Call off thy sleuth-hounds and thy cruel war,  
Or men will say, 'The Lord of Hosts is sleeping,  
Thus to permit thy cruelties so far.'  
Thou art behind the Turk in tender mercy,  
Behind the savage in thy thirst for blood,  
May God defend the weak and the oppressed  
From English mammon. Israel's God is good."

When Father Time records within his pages  
The thrilling story of the Transvaal war,  
To echo down the corridors of ages,  
Denouncing England as a fallen star;  
Inscribed in blood upon the hearts of nations  
Shall live those words by cruel Kitchener said:  
"Not one moment," when the Boers entreated  
A little time to bury their brave dead.

And Ireland, too, in scorn shall disclaim him,  
No son of Erin could have stooped so low  
As to forget the etiquette of nations,  
Denying burial to a fallen foe.  
God's Universe is looking on in wonder,  
To see the Boers acquit themselves like men;  
As Samson, they shall rend their cords asunder,  
In life or death they shall be free again.

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### ONE LITTLE WORD.

Leave it unsaid, if hate inspire  
Thy mood, to set thy tongue on fire.  
Thou art not sane, when anger rules  
It dwelleth in the breast of fools.

One little word in anger spoken  
Has many a tender heartstring broken.  
The deed or word we misconstrue  
May have been pure as morning dew.

'Tis always best, to give thy friend  
A chance, the little breach to mend,  
For friendship is a rosebud sweet  
You cannot trample under feet.

But place within your choicest vase  
To listen to your softest phrase;  
Till it expands into full flower  
And by its love proclaim its power.

For love the universe controls,  
And calms the wrath of human souls.  
Saying "peace, be still," athwart the waves  
That roll above unnumbered graves.

Life is so short; the end so near.  
The calm, dead face that once was dear  
Answers not back one little word,  
Proclaim a truce and sheathe thy sword.

For if, indeed, the end had come  
And thy dear friend had journeyed home,  
That harsh word would remain unsaid,  
And loving words be framed instead.

## LOVE SEEKETH NOT ITS OWN.

The train slowed up, at Castlebar  
I heard the "all aboard!"  
But there remained one passenger  
Unmindful of the word.  
A maiden, young and beautiful  
As Erin's daughters, proud,  
Stood with her arms circling  
Her mother, wailing loud.

"Dieu lin! Dieu lin a lanna  
Why do you go away  
Till ye see yer poor old mother  
Laid in the church yard clay?"  
At last, with haste she pressed  
Into the daughter's hand,  
A little piece of shining gold,  
With heroism grand.

And when, at length the weeping maid  
Could tear herself apart,  
With one loud sob she took her seat  
Lonely and sore at heart.  
Sobbing, aloud, "Ach, mother  
Norah will come again  
An' take you to America,  
An' comfort all yer pain."

She paused and looked up shyly  
As we drew near Athlone,  
And seemed at last to realize  
That she was not alone.

I, too, she saw, was weeping,  
For sympathy is kind,  
And had I not that morning  
Left loving ones behind?

She came, and sat beside me.  
I took her hand in mine;  
For one small touch of nature  
Breaks the strong social line.  
"And Norah you are going  
To leave the dear old sod.  
My little sister, do you go  
In company with God?"

She gazed at me, as gentle deer,  
When all the strife is o'er  
And the sacrifice completed  
To be recalled no more.  
Then softly, with the accent  
Of Erin's toiling poor,  
She smiled a rainbow smile  
And said "I'll trust in God for sure."

"But ochone alannah!  
My mother ochone gave me all  
The bit of money that she had  
To buy things in the Fall.  
An', now ye know I'm goin'  
To where there's bread, galore,  
Now won't you take an' send her back  
This piece of gold, Asthore?"

"You'll stop in Dublin city.  
'Tis an easy thing to do.  
Just put it in a letter,  
An' write a line or two  
To say how Norah couldn't  
Take her little bit of gold  
To where there is great plenty  
Of everything, I'm told."

I could not take the money,  
But I wrote a letter kind,  
To the address she gave me  
Her mother's home to find,  
And often since, when selfishness  
Obstructs the King's high road  
I think of little Norah  
And her faith in man and God.

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### WASHINGTON'S DAY.

Ring out! ring gladly Liberty Bell,  
And loudly to the Nation tell  
The story of to-day;  
That Washington may honored be,  
Who for perpetual liberty  
So bravely cleared the way.

Ring out proudly old Liberty Bell;  
From shore to shore let glad tones swell  
In praise of dauntless truth;



For Washington by light Divine,  
'Twixt vice and virtue drew the line  
To shield the Nation's youth.

Ring out boldly Liberty Bell,  
And ask the people is it well  
To yield on every hand  
A little here and a little there,  
Of principles he bought so dear  
First ruler of the land?

Ring out! ring out a merry peal  
That patriotic men may feel  
How wrong it is to sleep  
While wolves invade the pasture fold  
And of the little lambs take hold  
While they no vigil keep.

Ring out glad bells! ring clear and strong  
That every foe who means us wrong  
May timely warning take;  
Washington's memory cannot die,  
His country's flag still waves on high,  
The brave are wide awake.

Oh! may the heroes' mantle fall  
Upon his children, one and all,  
Until our land is free  
From every vile oppressive foe  
That would our liberty lay low  
And spoil our fair country.

## THE GOLDEN ROD.

O, Golden Rod! wild Golden Rod,  
That roams on dale and down;  
Unused to rules of fashion,  
Untaught in laws of town.  
Do you know how much I love you,  
In your beauty wild and free?  
Or do you smile on everyone,  
As you have smiled on me?

O, Golden Rod! sweet Golden Rod!  
Pray tell me if you care;  
That you hold my heart entangled,  
Within your golden hair?  
Disown your low-born kindred,  
And be my very own,  
And reign in royal splendor,  
Upon a nation's throne.

Then, proudly answered Golden Rod:  
"Sir Knight, I cannot go,  
My mission is God-given,  
For I am His, you know.  
He placed me by the wayside,  
To smile upon the poor,  
And help the heavy-laden rich,  
Life's burden to endure.

"I go into the sanctuary,  
In my quiet, simple dress;  
Where rich and poor behold me  
With gracious tenderness.

I tell them the sweet story  
That never can grow stale;  
About the Rose of Sharon,  
And Lily of the Vale.

"I cannot be exclusive,  
I want to live for all;  
And pomp of courts might lure me  
From innocence to fall.  
And these would sorely miss me—  
My neighbors, kind and true;  
The poor have got so little,  
They make the more ado.

"And one, dear, sturdy Scotchman,  
Who lives across the way;  
For me has pleasant greeting,  
And tender words to say.  
Though roughly dressed, in homespun,  
His heart is true as steel,  
And well I know he loves me,  
And love can all wounds heal.

"Sir Knight, a statelier flower,  
Best suits your halls of pride;  
A daughter of the people,  
Should with her own abide;  
Since, 'tis not wealth or splendor,  
That satisfy the heart;  
We can exalt each station,  
By acting well our part."

## ERIE CENTENNIAL POEM.

Fair city by the waters,  
Accept the homage due  
Thee from thy sons and daughters,  
Who, with devotion true,  
Would celebrate with gladness  
Thy proud centennial day,  
Dispelling gloom and sadness  
From sweet Lake Erie Bay.

Green city by the waters,  
Thou art a queen by right,  
In whom thy loyal subjects  
Take comfort and delight;  
God prosper thee forever,  
Dear city by the bay,  
And may the all-wise Giver  
Be bountiful to-day,

And smile with benediction  
Upon thy jewels fine,  
'Mid which thy happy children  
Pre-eminently shine,  
Bright gems within thy coronet  
Of unsurpassing worth,  
While joyfully they hail thee,  
The city of their birth.

Till thy churches gleam like pearls  
Upon the classic head,  
And from the big red schoolhouse  
Our country's colors spread,

Proclaiming to the nations  
That Erie stands for right,  
And wisely guards her birthright  
Of jewels rich and bright.

Within thy gates, grand city,  
The stranger finds employ,  
And he who craved for pity  
Is crowned with hope and joy.  
Shine on! shine on, Gem City!  
To-day let there be light  
Reflected from one hundred lamps  
Replenished, trimmed and bright,

That from each lordly spire  
And institution grand,  
In characters of fire  
Our country's watchwords stand;  
Till virtue and equality  
Diffuse our spirits through,  
And God's own love presides above  
The things we say and do.

For righteousness exalteth  
Unto the hills of God,  
The city of our fathers  
Who sleep beneath the sod.  
God grant us Christian brotherhood  
On this centennial day,  
And may the light of life illumine  
Our city by the bay.

## JUNE.

June is the month of roses,  
The fairest of the year,  
Its luring light reposes  
On beauty everywhere;  
Beside the hedge rows peeping  
Wild flowers glance around  
A timid vigil keeping,  
Upon the garden ground.

Like outcasts, they aspire  
To elegance and grace.  
If God had placed them higher  
And given them the place  
Of roses in the garden,  
Or lilies in the field,  
They would delight their warden  
By beauty and rich yield.

Dear little wayside flower,  
Dear soul on the low grade,  
Not yours constructive power:  
You are what you are made,  
And each within its place is best,  
For beauty and for worth.  
Be just, and leave to God the rest,  
The Author of your birth.

And being just as true and good,  
Your beauty is divine;  
You are of the grand brotherhood  
That everywhere must shine.

The violet by the wayside  
Is sister to the rose,  
Although its modesty doth hide  
What its perfumes disclose.

Oh! Month of rose and violet  
Oh! Month of beauty rare,  
Of fairy gems in emerald set—  
Wide scattered everywhere.  
Teach us contentment in our lot  
Where'er that lot may be,  
And grant the grace that fadeth not  
Through all Eternity.

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### LINES ON LOUGH MASK, IRELAND.

Lough Mask, thy beauties free and wild  
Have soothed my soul and oft beguiled  
My thoughts from earthly care.  
I love the rocks thy wavelets kiss,  
Thy solitude is sweet. 'Twere bliss  
To dwell forever here.

I love to wander on thy shore.  
Thy smiling calm, thy frowning roar,  
Alternately I've seen.  
Have marked thy growing rage expand  
Till shook with fear the trees that stand  
Around, like slaves, I ween.

And must I leave thee, lovely spot?  
And shall thy beauties be forgot?

Shall no admiring eye  
Record thy charms in glowing rhyme  
Or paint thy loveliness sublime,—  
Thy modest grace descry?

Strangers may wander on thy shore,  
Exclaim, "How lovely," nothing more,  
And wander gayly on;  
While the loved ones I leave behind  
To thee shall off recall my mind  
When I am sad and lone.

Farewell! farewell, enchanted spot,  
Adieu loved ones, since 'tis my lot  
To tread life's shady side;  
I'll bear this picture true and kind  
Of dearest friends I leave behind,  
By Lough Mask's changing tide.

And hope when time shall be no more  
Upon a brighter, happier shore  
My absent ones and I,  
May meet, in happiness again,  
And never feel the parting pain,  
Where God all tears doth dry.

And, maybe, from that heaven afar  
Beyond the brightest, highest star  
We may look down from bliss,  
Upon Lough Mask's wild beauties fair  
Exclaiming fondly, "not e'en here,  
Is fairer scene than this."



## DECORATION DAY.

Sweet eyes, that look no more in mine,  
To-day, behold the Face Divine,  
And intercede for me;  
That I may too thy calm rest share,  
Devoid of every earthly care,  
That troubles transient-dwellers here,  
With deep anxiety.

Sweet lips, forever sealed as though  
To guard the secrets none may know,  
I would breast Jordan's wave  
To kiss them, only once again,  
Beyond this atmosphere of pain,  
Where Love and Loyalty are vain  
To battle with the grave.

Dear folded hands, so lily white,  
That wrought for me some new delight  
Each day throughout the year.  
How much I miss their touches kind,  
That did my wounded spirit bind,  
And for my grief sweet solace find  
And gently dry each tear.

Dear light of life, forever fled,  
How can I live since thou art dead,  
My precious one, so wise?  
To-day I bow my head, and think  
I see beyond the grave's sad brink  
A gleam of Love's unbroken link,  
Anchored in Paradise,

And formed of flowers pure and white  
That angels move on with delight,  
Moving their earthward way.  
My darling, can you not come too,  
And touch me, as you used to do,  
Leading me gently on with you  
Into the Light of Day?

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### EQUAL RIGHTS.

Go out to the highways and gather them in,  
Frail children of sorrow, of shame and of sin,  
They are easily found in the slums of the town—  
Go out; it is easy to run the poor down.

Build them places of refuge, but never a home,  
They have left that behind them whatever may come.  
Left father and mother, left sister and friend  
For some black-hearted villain who swore to defend.

He led them astray in their beauty and bloom,  
Till the wages of sin paved the road to the tomb;  
Can men stoop to this who have mothers and wives,  
And sisters all leading respectable lives?

Go, first, where society glitters and glares—  
To our churches and club rooms, our markets and  
fairs,  
Seek out the vile monsters, tear off their disguise,  
And teach our maidens the way to be wise

Reform the homes, make them decent and clean;  
Admonish all parents to shun what is mean,  
Let landlords who thrive upon shame and disgrace,  
Go kneel in the dust and in fear hide each face.

Away with your houses of refuge from sin!  
Let the light of God's Gospel, with healing pour in,  
To show the oppressors of those who are poor,  
The wrongs that their victims must often endure.

Let the children of sorrow, of want and of care,  
Enjoy the bright world, created so fair;  
God's merciful love is a fathomless store,  
He pardons transgression; but "Go sin no more."

Of if you must gather the vile in one den,  
Begin with society women and men;  
Weed out the vile vipers that desecrate home,  
And pity poor maidens lured on to their doom.

Let men to God's altar lead beauty and youth,  
To build happy homes on the framework of truth,  
That our sons and our daughters like cedars may  
grow;  
For a nation must reap as a nation doth sow.

'Tis the union of honesty, purity, worth,  
That form the fairest ideals on earth,  
And since love is cement to bind all into one,  
Let us live in God's light and be pure as the sun.

**"THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF THE BIRDS  
IS COME."**

To-day I heard a robin sing  
A song of welcome to the spring  
    That made me glad.  
Past were the winter's cold and gloom;  
The stone was rolled back from the tomb  
    Where I knelt sad.

Pale flowerets smiling at my feet  
Spoke to me low, in accents sweet—  
    "We bide our day.  
Some brightness cheers the lot of all,  
When He who marks the sparrow's fall  
    Smiles care away."

The peach-tree basking in fair noon  
Lisped timidly, "Trust not too soon,  
    For hope deferred  
Brings blighting anguish when in vain  
We writhe in misery and pain—  
    Our prayer unheard."

Yet still, the robin sang a gay,  
Melodious song, across the way,  
    So clear and sweet:  
"Hope on! hope on!" it seemed to plead;  
"Fear not while Providence doth lead  
    Homeward thy feet."

"Ah me!" I thought, "could mortals wait  
In patient hope at mercy's gate,

How rich the boon—  
Awaiting all in God's good time  
When dawns eternal spring sublime  
O'er sorrows flown."

Then my glad heart sent forth this cry,  
"Lord, let thy love in me not die  
In time's dread chill;  
But still attune my soul to praise  
Thy name through bright or gloomy days,  
For good and ill."

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### WAR—1915.

"The war is on," the people say—  
To think it comes in our day!  
To make such mighty rattle.  
If I were only twenty-one  
You bet I'd bear a sword and gun  
Into the thick of battle!

But mother, she has begged me so;  
I cannot break her heart and go,  
Although Mars keeps on calling:  
"Come, be a soldier brave and true,  
Your country's honor calls for you  
Though mother's tears are falling."

My father spoke to this effect:

"You cannot your own course elect,  
And war is so uncertain!

I fought the Spanish war, you know,  
And understand how matters go,  
Behind the army curtain.

"Now, hear from Dad a thing or two:  
The Mexicans don't bother you,  
If you let them alone.

We robbed them of their native land  
And made them feel our heavy hand,  
And War makes poor atone.

"Poor, starved, half-naked and oppressed,  
Their wrongs should, rather, be redressed  
Than aggravated still;  
What can the slave of Power do  
Hear and obey the favored few  
Or die, just as they will!

"My son, war is a fearful thing;  
'Tis death and hell upon the wing,  
Pestilence in the wake.  
How small a matter brings it on!  
'Salute the flag,' it must be done,  
'Tis war and no mistake.

" 'Salute the Cross.' Let all bow down.  
The Prince of Peace claims first renown,  
Let little insults go.  
The Stars and Stripes can well afford  
To yield to Christ, risen Lord,  
Till peace and plenty flow."

## CLOTILDE'S CHRISTMAS

A LEGEND OF RUSSIA

It was Christmas in Odessa,  
With its glitter and its glare.  
There were sounds of joyous greetings  
Borne on the frosty air.  
Wealthy homes ablaze with splendor,  
Hung green garlands o'er the door;  
And the echoes of the season  
Reached the hovels of the poor.

In a dreary little cabin,  
Where the rush light burned low  
On a rickety old table,  
Clotilde Lyngolff sat to sew.  
O'er the table hung a picture—  
Christ Child, manger, ox and stall—  
Before which the maiden's brother  
Prayed, "Our Father bless us all."

"Good-night, sister, angels guard thee,"  
And he kissed her pallid brow.  
"Put away that weary sewing—  
It is almost morning now."  
But he knew not, idle dreamer,  
As he sought his little bed,  
That the garment must be finished,  
To procure him daily bread.

When alone, Clotilde looked upward  
To the picture on the wall;  
Sacred picture, with a legend,  
She endeavored to recall.  
Long she pondered, till the Christ Child  
Radiant, wondrous to behold,  
Stood erect and pointed downward  
To a glittering heap of gold.

When the morning shadows flitted  
O'er the poor care-worn face,  
They were very loth to linger  
In so desolate a place;  
They would wake the Christmas morning  
In gay halls of pomp and pride,  
And in gloom and desolation,  
Leave the poor for whom Christ died.

"Wake up, sister, it is morning!  
Hark! the Christmas bells ring clear!  
I will wear my sealskin turban,  
Father's gift to me last year.  
We will walk to church together  
In the blessed morning light."  
Peter Lyngolff shuddering started,  
Was it Death that met his sight?

Then a sudden frenzy seized him  
And he cried, "O Christ our King,  
Why allow the good and faithful  
To endure such suffering?"



Father exiled in Siberia,  
Mother dead from want and woe,  
Clotilde starved—my angel sister—  
And I—whither shall I go?”

Here he dashed the sacred picture  
Down upon the cabin floor,  
And the noise awoke the maiden,  
To behold its golden store  
Scattered round, with lavish bounty  
Even to her very feet,  
While the boy, o’ercome with wonder,  
Sank into the nearest seat.

For a secret panel opened  
That had hitherto been barred.  
Not a bit of glass was broken,  
Not a line of beauty marred.  
Search revealed a faded paper  
Very difficult to read:  
“For the heirs of Jago Lyngolff  
In their hour of sorest need.”

“It is Christmas morning, sister,”  
Peter said with tearful eyes;  
“Grandfather now up in heaven  
Planned for us this great surprise.  
Let us keep the feast, with gladness,  
While the yule log burns bright,  
And replace the sacred picture  
Of the Christ, who reigns by right.”

## PARNELL.

A gloomy cloud has settled  
Over sunny Avondale,  
For the honest peasants mourn  
O'er the unexpected tale:  
"Dieu lin! Dieu lin, Mavourneen!"  
They wail in accents low,  
While down wan cheeks, in torrents,  
The tears of anguish flow.

Wailing and lamentation  
Prevail on every hand,  
For the greatest leader ever known  
To fated Ireland.  
Her uncrowned king is dead—  
Unconscious of her cause,  
Who spent himself and all he owned  
To frame her better laws.

"A Wirah stroua, Mavourneen!"  
They wail in bitter grief.  
The loyal heart of Ireland  
Must break or find relief.  
A star of the first magnitude  
Has fallen from its sphere,  
And Erin's sky is shrouded  
In gloomy, dark despair.

Could Death, forever ruthless,  
Have found no other mark,  
For this cruel, fated arrow,  
Shot blindly in the dark?

Were there not tens of thousands,  
Brave Irish hearts and true,  
Who would gladly die, that Parnell  
Might push his conquests through?

“How are the mighty fallen!”  
They say in lordly hall,  
While a gloomy, sad foreboding  
Is felt by great and small.  
But a true and honest sorrow  
Dwells in the hovels poor,  
Where the bleak October tempest  
Howls through each shattered door.

And little squalid children  
Flock to their mother's knee,  
To hear of him, whom they had hoped  
Would set their country free.  
“Ochone a lannah! a lannah!  
Great Parnell is no more;  
Our hopes are set in darkest night,  
He is dead, a villah sthore!”

Weep on, oppressèd people,  
Since weeping is your lot;  
By retributive justice  
Your cause is not forgot.  
Some other mighty leader  
May at your helm soon stand;  
But the stranded craft of Erin  
Moves slow to stranger hand.

## ABOUT HEAVEN.

I did not think much about heaven  
When Ethel sat with me  
On the sunny brow of Glenallah,  
O'erlooking the blue sea;  
Sweet innocence enshrined her  
Like vestal robes of white,  
Her presence made my heaven  
All beautiful and bright.

Sweet was the lovelight in her eyes,  
And pure as heaven's blue,  
Revealing such a noble soul,  
Affectionate and true.  
The calm sea like a sheet of glass  
Reflected heaven above;  
That day her fondly whispered, "Yes"  
Responded to my love.

Her little foot beat nervously  
The daisy-spangled ward,  
Her white hand trembled within mine,  
Like a coy woodland bird,  
When half in sorrow, half in joy,  
She spoke these words to me:  
"In God's fadeless bright forever  
'There shall be no more sea.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

They brought me my darling dead—  
Drowned in Glenallah Bay—  
The golden glory of her head  
Dripping with angry spray.

The light from her eyes had vanished,  
Her little hand lay still;  
May God forget a prayer I said  
Beneath Glenallah Hill!

O the green, angry ocean,  
How I did hate its roar,  
As it moaned and tossed its billows  
Against the rock-bound shore,  
No tears relieved my anguish  
Till her words came back to me:  
"In God's fadeless bright forever  
'There shall be no more sea.'"

Now I often think of heaven,  
With its many mansions fair,  
Because she is watching and waiting  
Until I join her there  
By the calm and beautiful river,  
Where trees of healing grow  
In God's fadeless bright forever,  
Beyond time's ebb and flow.

Yet somehow my fancy pictures  
A smiling, calm blue sea,  
With Ethel sitting beside me,  
Where death can never be;  
When I read of the "sea of glass"  
I think of Glenallah Bay,  
As it slept in tranquil beauty  
One glad, bright summer day.

**THANKSGIVING: A TRUE STORY.**

It was the eve of Thanksgiving,  
The scene was in the East,  
Where frost and snow lay everywhere  
To emphasize the feast;  
And over all a rain-storm,  
With thunder-sounding dread,  
Like Gabriel's final trumpet  
That wakens up the dead.

Upon a lone, bleak mountain  
A woman barred the door,  
Then lay her three small children  
Down flat upon the floor;  
For lightning flashed like fury  
Around them everywhere.  
She prayed aloud: "God help us  
All, in His loving care!"

Their father, her protector,  
Lay drunk in a saloon,  
Away down in the city,  
Since early yester noon.  
There is no food. He went to buy  
Some good things for the day  
The nation calls Thanksgiving,  
When to the Lord they pray.

"My head is aching, mother,"  
The youngest baby said;  
"I think I must be hungry,  
And want a piece of bread."

The other two complained not,  
But moaned as if in pain;  
They both were red as lobsters,  
The mother's skill was vain!

The storm abated somewhat;  
She put the babes to bed  
And started for the doctor  
Who lived three miles ahead.  
He quarantined the little home—  
'Twas scarlet fever, sure.  
God pity the poor mother  
And help her to endure!

He did. The neighbors far and wide  
Came flocking to her aid,  
With turkey, bread, mince pie and cake  
That in the shed they laid.  
She spread her table thankfully,  
Her voice arose in prayer:  
"Almighty Father, bless the friends  
Who of Thy poor take care!"

A timid knock came to the door,  
A tramp came seeking bread.  
She sent him to the woodshed,  
Where he was amply fed.  
'Tis thus the loaves and fishes  
Are ever multiplied  
For His dear sake who gave Himself—  
The Just One, Crucified.

## THE CIVIC CLUB BANQUET.

Hurrah! Hurrah for the Civic Club  
And its members good and true!  
And hurrah for their royal banquet  
That cheers us through and through!  
They light the torch of progress  
And advertise our land—  
Its orange groves, its fertile plains,  
Its mountains wild and grand.

Three cheers for California,  
And San Luis Obispo!  
The sweetest, dearest home nest  
You find where'er you go,  
Blooming with vernal beauty  
The live long year around.  
Take off your shoes and worship,  
For this is holy ground.

Where buried gold and wealth untold  
Await the toiler's hand,  
Not the man with the hoe of long ago,  
But the athlete strong and grand—  
Our Polytechnic product  
Of independent mien;  
Lord of himself—a king and priest  
In Labor's vast domain.

Here there is bread and work for all  
With honest heart and brain;  
Rich, fertile lands to cultivate  
With mellow fruits and grain.



Life is worth while, beneath the sky  
Of this progressive State,  
Where duty is a pleasure  
And Virtue maketh great.

Dear sisters of the Civic Club  
Look toward the east to see  
A dawning opportunity  
For Native Industry;  
Your shells convert to buttons,  
Your seaweed into kelp—  
Build factories along the coast  
To yield the stranger help.

Agitate and agitate!  
For street-cars here and there;  
We get too stiff with walking  
And can afford the fare.  
Those who have got the money  
Will aid you in each plan  
You form for the betterment  
Of every living man.

From every wind of heaven,  
Strangers are blown this way;  
It rests with you—it rests with all  
If they have come to stay  
Where they may give their children  
A golden chance to see  
The wonders of Eternal Love  
Crowning Humanity.

## A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

An old man, sad and weary,  
Sat in the Yule log's glow,  
Recalling in dim vision  
The scenes of long ago.  
He sees a boy reclining  
On pillows soft and white,  
Watching for good old Santa Claus  
Throughout the live-long night.

But in the early dawning  
He fell asleep at last,  
Just at the very moment  
Santa flitted past;  
For there hung his big stocking  
Full of delightful things.  
"Hurrah," he shouts, "for Christmas,  
And the good cheer it brings."

Upon the homestead threshold  
He sees his mother stand;  
Her parting tears are falling  
Upon his clinging hand.  
"God bless my boy," she sobbed aloud;  
"From sorrow, sin and shame,  
May he be ever shielded  
In the Redeemer's Name."

And in life's hottest conflict,  
Through good report and ill,  
He heard that tender pleading,  
Guiding his wayward will.

Ah! mother's love enduring,  
Christ-like, unto the end,  
A nation's sacred incense  
That from home nests ascend.

The scene is changed. A lady fair,  
Bearing the wand of love,  
Of noble, queenly bearing,  
Yet gentle as a dove,  
He woos and wins, and proudly  
Bears his young bride away—  
A wife, from God's own altar,  
One happy Christmas Day.

"Dead! Twenty years, this Yule-tide,"  
He murmurs with a groan,  
"She left me baby Alice.  
I am not all alone.  
Yonder, with her lover  
Under the mistletoe,  
She talks of getting married,  
And leaving me, I know."

Then o'er the dying embers,  
The old man bending low,  
Prayed heaven to guard his little one  
And shield her from all woe.  
They celebrated Christmas,  
Not dreaming of the tears  
That fell beside the Yule log  
O'er memories of past years.

**LET THERE BE LIGHT.**

(The London churches turn down the light to conciliate the poor.)

Turn down the light, the poor are here;  
Lest the flash of your diamonds, rich and rare,  
Should turn to a curse the pauper's prayer.

Turn down the lights: the widow's weeds  
Are shabby, and tell of her daily needs,  
Louder than prayers and chants and creeds.

A soldier brave bore her heart away  
To Africa, one bright May day;  
For his soul's repose she comes to pray.

Her face is pale from want and woe,  
Her eyes are dim and her step is slow,  
Once on a time it was not so.

Alack! for your diamonds, O ladies fair,  
They are baubles in view of her grand despair;  
While God is listening to her prayer.

Turn down the lights: a chieftain brave  
Appeals to omniscience his life to save,  
From exile or from a felon's grave.

He did no wrong his soul to stain,  
He defended the weak and would again,  
Hanged or imprisoned, his deeds remain.

A proud reproof to England's wrong,  
For retributive justice is true and strong;  
And the hero lives in his country's song.

Turn down the lights: There are sins untold,  
Hidden away in cathedrals old;  
Where spoils of office are bought and sold.

Turn up the lights, on your ladies proud,  
Ere the pauper's rags become their shroud.  
Hark! Hark pale justice is calling loud.

"Let there be light," Jehovah calls,  
In church, in state and lobby halls,  
To read the handwriting on the walls.

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**MY BEST VALENTINE, A. W. SHURRAGAR,  
JR.**

Arthur Welesley Junior,  
You captivate my heart;  
I am the love-lorn victim  
Of Cupid's cruel dart.  
Your eyes have wooed and won me;  
Your smile, like sunshine, cheers  
My very soul to ecstasy,  
Checkered by hopes and fears.

For dearest love, we cannot tell,  
As seers and prophets do  
The things the future must unfold  
To Valentines, like you.

But this is still a comfort:  
Unto our Father's care  
I can entrust my darling  
In loving, heartfelt prayer.

Ah me! Ah me! My precious one,  
I'm jealous to the core,  
Lest any evil thing befall  
My loved one evermore.  
May God Almighty shield him  
Within omniscient care,  
Leading him gently by the hand,  
Then there is naught to fear.

Arthur, little sweetheart,  
My very light of love,  
My precious, priceless Valentine,  
All gold and gems, above.  
Now nestle closely to my heart  
And kiss my cheek and brow,  
And vow that in the coming years  
You'll love me, just as now.

Not two years old, you little elf,  
You charm all you meet!  
To lay their loving homage  
Down at your baby feet.  
I fear you only say, "Goo! Goo!"  
Your grandma's eyes to blind,  
To all the flirting you can do  
Her doting back behind.

**EASTER DAWN.**

The glorious dawn of Easter  
Is waking up the East,  
Inspiring us with gladness  
That we may keep the feast;  
Casting aside the garments  
Of sordid, base desire,  
Until our hearts are warmed  
By Faith's own holy fire.

Earth's manhood has been sleeping  
Within the silent tomb,  
Strong guards have long been keeping  
Their watch through years of gloom.  
The angel has descended  
And rolled the stone away,  
And folded up the grave clothes  
For resurrection day.

The guards are falling dead around  
The dawning in the East,  
For God's own angel spreadeth  
The resurrection feast.  
Awake, O earth, and banish  
Death's sleep from out thine eye,  
That in the dawn of Easter  
The sin and shame may die.

Till down falls that tall giant,  
A guard both fierce and strong,  
Whose cruel eye hath gloated  
On misery so long;

For, dazzled by the dawning,  
Grim War lays down his sword  
And kneels in adoration  
Before the risen Lord.

And grinding, grim monopoly  
Awakes and rubs its eye.  
Above the tomb 'tis written,  
"The soul that sins must die"—  
That sins against humanity  
And wrongs the weak and poor,  
Another guard is smitten dead  
Before the open door.

Then came a tall, fierce giant strong,  
The tomb of Christ to guard,  
And promised gold in plenty  
As vigilance's reward;  
But Mammon fell as dead before  
The dawning Easter light,  
And God's own precious Son arose  
In manhood's deathless might.

Hypocrisy next fell away,  
With canting Doubt and Fear,  
For in the light of Easter day  
Men read things true and clear;  
And then, becoming masters  
Of their own destiny,  
They folded up the grave clothes  
On tombs of slavery.



Then floated high the banner  
Of universal love,  
As tender as a mother's dream,  
As gentle as a dove;  
For God so loved the world  
That His own Son He gave  
To lead into the higher life  
The tenants of the grave.

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### EASTER 1914.

The world is full of Easter bloom,  
Hark! Angels sing above the tomb  
Where we have laid our dead.  
Above, beneath us and around,  
Earth's many voices gladly sound:  
"Mourner, why seek the dead  
Among the living?" A joyous throng  
Are moving, noiselessly along  
The highway of the Lord;  
Unnumbered hosts arrayed in white  
Are moving ever, in the light,  
Enjoying their reward.

God has a place, beyond the sun—  
An Easter home for everyone,  
With everything complete.  
The tribulation all is past,  
The Rest and Peace are found at last  
Before the mercy seat;

And here, perchance, they come at will,  
God's blessed purpose to fulfill,  
For loved ones left behind.  
The Prophet saw an armèd host  
Around him, when he needed most  
Their ministration, kind.

'Tis thus the cloud of witness, strong,  
Protects us, ever, from all wrong;  
Although we may not see  
The sword that strikes the deadly blow  
Against our formidable foe,  
To set us mortals free.  
To keep the Easter feast, indeed,  
According to the Christian's creed,  
"In Him we live and move."  
For Christ is risen from the dead,  
Humanity's triumphant Head,  
Who rules and reigns by Love.

If we be risen with the Lord,  
Exceeding great is the reward  
Of animated clay,  
Who seek those things that are on high,  
The precious things that never die  
When earth shall pass away.  
Live for humanity, and die  
If need be for thy calling high;—  
Your Easter's guiding Star.  
Sing the new redemption song;  
The desert march will seem less long  
And Canaan's shore less far.

## RETROSPECTIVE.

I'm going home. I'm glad to go,  
The journey has been long.  
My footsteps now are very slow,  
Once vigorous and strong.  
Rest, sweet rest, and peace at last,  
Safe in the promised land,  
One little step across the stream  
To reach the golden strand.

A little babe tossed by the tide  
Upon an unknown coast  
Into a mother's sheltering arms,  
Where frailty counted most.  
Before the dawn of reason's day  
Awoke my slumbering soul,  
My mother's love prepared the way  
To the desired goal.

Across life's sultry desert way,  
A maiden fair looks far  
Into the Eden, smiling gay  
With bloom, beyond hope's star.  
In rosy hues she dimly saw  
Enchanting love-lit bowers,  
Wherein to live was Paradise  
Created for young lovers.

She gained the Eden of her dreams—  
The Promised Land of love.  
Her childhood's home was left behind,  
Her mother gone above.

'Tis good to live and best to love,  
'Tis sweet to hope and wait  
For little baby kisses  
Fresh from the Pearly Gate.

Some are married, some are dead;  
My babes of long ago,  
And he who loved the mother best  
In yonder grave lies low.  
Upon my heart, incased in gold,  
A lock of raven hair  
Is all that's left of Ronald now,  
My lover, young and fair.

And looking back, I see it all,  
And in my clouded brain  
I darkly see, as in a glass,  
Life's milestones o'er again.  
My Ronald, aye, so kind and true,  
My Ben and pretty Bess,  
Were good and promising to view,  
Whom all should love and bless.

And now I'm old, and all alone  
To wait the coming tide;  
'Tis but a step, a little step  
Unto the other side!  
And the loved and lost are dearest,  
The absent always best;  
I long to lay my weary head  
Again on Roland's breast,

And hear once more the pattering feet  
Of little ones I laid  
Beneath the blooming locust tree,  
In fragrant, balmy shade.  
And yet I'm very lonely,  
To leave old Mother Earth,  
She has been kind and good to me  
Since first God gave me birth.

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### IN LENT.

Lord Christ, I scarcely know the way;  
The drifts are deep, the night is cold,  
But Thou wilt never let me stray,  
Good Shepherd of the lower fold.

The wind blows bleak, across the moor,  
O'er sleeping places of my dead,  
And grief lies heavy at my door,  
Where offerings might rest instead.

With weeping sore mine eyes are dim,  
I cannot see the narrow way.  
My only hope, I walk with Him  
Who will not suffer me to stray.

My Lord and Savior, lead me still  
Until I reach the upper fold;  
I yield submission to Thy will  
However dark the night and cold.

## THANKSGIVING, 1911.

America, thy voice attune  
To psalm of highest praise,  
For all the mercies of the past  
And hopes of future days.  
Thou art the first of nations  
The blessed sun smiles on,  
The Lord of Hosts, alone, thy king,  
Through conquests nobly won.

America! America!  
Thy stars and stripes should be  
A token betwixt man and man  
Of Truth and Equity!  
Hold fast thy blood-bought heritage,  
That vice and wrong may flee  
Before thy honored, stainless flag—  
The standard of the free!

The cursed thing now in thy midst  
Spreads o'er the nation, wide.  
The wealthy have made golden calves  
To worship in their pride.  
The coffers of the land o'erflow  
With gold; yet, hark; the tears and groans  
Of toiling millions doubly taxed  
For pomp, that rivals thrones!

The trusts have cornered meat and oil  
Till orphans wail for bread,  
And widows knead their little cake  
And wish that they were dead!  
“They’ve raised our taxes, too,” they cry;  
“Few can afford to pay  
For a bit of chicken dinner  
On this Thanksgiving Day!

“The beef trusts raise the price of meat,  
We cannot buy a bone,  
And fish is nothing better,  
We must let both alone.”  
“Let charity,” quoth Uncle Sam,  
“O’er all this land hold sway,  
That rich and poor together  
Observe Thanksgiving Day.”

Dear Uncle, it is kindly meant,  
But hold the flag full high,  
And let it warn your grafters  
The honest poor would die  
Before accepting money,  
Or food or clothes, or aught  
By which their fellow creatures  
Are robbed, or sold, or bought!

Behold! Within your sanctuary  
A poor man stands alone,  
A saintly halo crowns His brow—  
He came unto His own.

But all exclaim, "Not this man,  
Away with Him, away!  
We want but Egypt's flesh-pots  
On this 'Thanksgiving Day.'"

Methinks, the Man of Sorrows pleads:  
"Eternity is long.  
Man cannot live by bread alone,  
Death takes the rich and strong.  
My lambs on the bleak mountains  
Perish with want and cold.  
Ye rich men and monopolists,  
Life is much more than gold!"

Then Uncle Sam unfurled the flag  
With patriotic pride,  
Saying, I thank the Lord, now women vote,  
Wrong shall be put aside.  
The glorious dawn of righteousness  
Ushers the golden day  
When peace, joy and prosperity  
Shall crown 'Thanksgiving Day.

And when the single tax is here,  
The masses now crushed down  
Shall seek no alms at rich men's gates  
In country or in town.  
But in the meantime thanks are due  
To God for gifts untold;  
For simple, daily blessings  
Outweigh the calf of gold.



**GOD'S TOUCH.**

(From the German.)

There was once a master builder  
Who toiled on year after year,  
On one instrument of music  
Lavishing his thought and care;  
Till within the organ's chambers  
His soul lodged in some strange way:  
Only for the true and faithful  
Did this organ ever play.

For the instrument completed  
Was a miracle of art,  
Playing by Divine suggestion  
Only to the pure in heart.  
It was marvelous and unique, .  
Ne'er before was any such.  
Multitudes came far to see it,  
And they praised its builder much.

His demeanor still was humble,  
Never boastful, never proud.  
"It is God," he said, "who does it,"  
And his speech well pleased the crowd.  
So they lauded the great Builder,  
Till his fame spread far and wide,  
And he won the fairest lady  
In the land to be his bride.

On his wedding day, elated,  
He thought of the music grand  
That his wonderful creation  
Should peal forth, at his command;  
Thought of all the pomp and glory  
Till his heart gave place to pride,  
And he thought more of his triumphs  
Than the lady by his side.

He saw nothing but the organ,  
His great masterpiece of art,  
Forgetful of the priceless treasure  
Of a young and guileless heart.  
Not one prayer from him ascended  
To the throne of God that day.  
All his thoughts were of the organ  
And the music it would play.

When the bridal party entered,  
Bright and joyous as the day,  
Not one note came from the organ  
When he signaled it to play!  
From the chancel gazed the Builder  
On his silent work of Art,  
Disappointment on his features,  
Evil passions in his heart.

"She is false!" he thundered fiercely,  
"Or my organ would have played,"  
And he left the bridal party  
At the altar, sore dismayed.  
Then the young bride, in her beauty,  
Doubly widowed, died at heart.  
But it was not all the doing  
Of the Builder's work of art.

Years rolled on. She slowly faded.  
To her maid she said one day,  
"Bring my wedding dress, I'll wear it  
On the journey far away."  
And upon her wasted finger  
She replaced the wedding ring.  
Thus she passed within the portal  
Of the Palace of the King.

As they bore the coffin, slowly,  
Past the organ, up the aisle,  
Came a stranger and stood near it,  
Weeping sadly all the while.  
Then he spoke unto the people  
In a voice 'twixt sob and cry:  
"I am the poor organ Builder;  
I have come, with her to die."

Then upon the congregation  
Fell such music as was ne'er  
This side of the gate of heaven  
Listened to by mortal ear.  
"She was true. You both have suffered,  
Now kind heaven takes you in.  
Truth and Love are both eternal;  
In your pride lay all the sin."

Side by side they laid the lovers,  
Harps of lilies in their hands,  
For the undertones of music  
The Creator understands.  
But the Builder's wondrous organ  
Never uttered note again,  
But within the hearts of many  
Linger still its last refrain.

## HALLOW-EVE.

I sit beside the embers,  
Where shadows come and go.  
It is the twilight hour,  
The sun is sinking low.  
I feel both sad and weary  
With the burdens of the day;  
For the weight of years is heavy  
When youth has passed away.

With head at rest upon my arm,  
I gave my fancy fling,  
For it was Hallowe'en, when all  
The unseen spirits sing.  
With all the hosts of heaven  
Swelling the chorus grand,  
I heard the heavenly music  
But failed to understand

Until I saw them flocking  
Around the dark'ning room.  
Then I heard and looked, in wonder,  
For my loved ones too had come.  
The joy of it oppressed me  
When I heard my favorite song  
About the New Jerusalem,  
I had not heard so long.

Not since my little Annie  
Sang it last to me,  
And played it on the violin—  
Well, maybe you can see?

And she came up still singing  
And touched my tears away;  
"Mother!" she said, so softly,  
"To-morrow is 'All Saints Day!'"

And patter, patter, o'er the floor,  
My little two-year-old  
Came toddling to my arms,  
His hands and feet so cold.  
I tucked him snug and warm  
And clasped him to my breast,  
But when I kissed my baby  
He vanished with the rest.

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### A STRANGE VALENTINE.

Dear love of mine, this Valentine  
Expressly framed for you,  
Has got no tinsel trappings  
To captivate the view;  
And yet methinks its language  
More redolent with love  
Than garlands of June roses  
Or cooing of the dove.

In thought, I see you ponder  
The meaning of its lore,  
Which is, that love worth having  
Is love for evermore.  
No flitting, fading emblem  
Could represent to you  
What can but be interpreted  
By something strong and true.

To win you for my Valentine,  
Out of the vaulted blue  
I would of twinkling little stars  
Make coronets for you.  
I'd dive the deepest ocean  
To find the gems most rare,  
And with love's fond emotion  
Entwine them in your hair.

I would do more. This wondrous age,  
With all its pomp and pride  
Should bow with loyal homage  
Before my chosen bride.  
For I, her king, would sweetly sing  
Her beauty and her worth  
Until her fame resounded,  
With glory o'er the earth.

But much of this is fancy, dear,  
Though some of it is truth,  
For romance paints in gorgeous hues  
The sweet day-dreams of youth.  
Perchance a sad to-morrow,  
Along the unknown way  
May cast a cloud of sorrow  
On bright hopes of to-day.

Pale roses, then, and violets,  
Might tell the tale more true,  
But, dearest love, this Valentine  
I cannot well undo.  
As fittest emblem of your worth,  
And of the love I feel,  
I send you, set in precious stones,  
A heart of truest steel.

## THE LURE OF AUTUMN.

It is not fortune's fickle smile  
That fills my soul with bliss,  
It is not wealth that can beguile  
Life's misery like this;  
The magic born of earth and sky  
Lure on to joys that never die.

Painting in colors rich and rare  
The landscape far and wide,  
Green, gold and amber smiling fair,  
Decay and death to hide.  
Athwart the lawn are dying beds  
On which kind Autumn, beauty sheds.

"My days are in the yellow sere,"  
Sang out a poet, long ago,  
What is there in this thought to fear?  
Whether death come fast or slow.  
The buds are on the tree that shed  
The sere leaves on the violet's bed.

The sun smiles warmly and gay—  
A golden glow spreads o'er the west,  
The green hills beckon far away  
To Eden bowers of rest.  
What is it mortals have to fear  
When mellow Autumn draweth near?

It is the glory of the year,  
This harvest time of richest store,  
When full and plenty banish care  
And spread a feast before the poor,  
Whispering "Spring will come again,  
And joy eternal banish pain."

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### LABOR DAY, 1913.

Clear the track, you idle drones  
That neither toil nor spin!  
Let the sons of toil march on to-day  
The world's applause to win.  
We push and we groan,  
Till the work is done;  
Then another task begin.

Our hands are hard as the clay we mold,  
Our limbs are too weary to move,  
But we toil along day in, day out  
For the sake of those we love.  
The sweat runs down our faces grim  
While we tune our hearts to the toiler's hymn  
In appeal to God above:—

Labor is sweet for Christ has toiled;  
He trod Life's toilsome way,  
And no matter how our hands are soiled  
We can raise them to Him and pray  
For the rest that comes, when work is done,  
And the peace at setting of the sun,  
In green fields far away.



Clear the track! Your gems and gold,  
Your stretches of fertile land,  
Your houses filled with toys untold,  
Your blue blood and titles grand.  
Get out of our way, with your fraud and sham  
You steal the wool of the shorn lamb  
And Justice and truth withstand.

Make room on God's earth so green and fair,  
For children weak and small  
Who perish for want of food and air  
In tenements close and tall;  
They scarcely know when the light of day  
Kisses the dewdrops far away,  
Or the lark's "good morning" call.

Father of Light, life is too short  
And the road to its end so hard!  
Why should men try to grasp too much,  
But lose the great reward?  
The fool, who built his barns high,  
Was called of God that day to die,  
And, believe me, he found it hard.

How long? O, Lord of Hosts, how long  
Shall unrighteousness and wrong  
Retard the world's progress  
As the toilers march along?  
To-day, in accents bold they proclaim  
"To hunter and toiler belong the game,  
While plunder belongs to none."

## THE BALLOT, 1910.

Indeed it is a time of fear  
And trembling, when the billows near,  
Our ship of state to sink.  
Jehovah, calm the surging sea,  
Until in calm security  
We reach the haven's brink.

Why need we fear? In Thee we trust.  
What craven gloats o'er piles of dust  
In this approaching fight?  
For principles both true and tried  
Our fathers voted, bled, and died  
Defenders of the Right.

Let blue and gray as one unite,  
Breasting the wave, in manhood's might,  
For strong the noble cause;  
And may the King of Nations hear  
Our earnest and united prayer  
For just and equal laws.

America, first Queen of earth,  
Asserts her claim to royal birth,  
Fresh from Jehovah's hand;  
Each voter is a priest and king  
By right Divine, with power to bring  
Forth bread for all this land.

Then freeborn sons, of royal birth,  
Defend this fairest land on earth  
From tyranny and wrong;

Flock to the standard of the free  
And strike down fraud and bribery  
With steady aim and strong.

The land and gold are but a trust,  
Which we, as stewards one day must  
Yield up at Death's command.  
Then let us in God's name be clean,  
From subterfuge and all things mean,  
Worthy our birthright grand.

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### LONGINGS, 1912.

Oh! for a breath of the breezy hills  
O'ershadowing Dublin Bay!  
Where dewy nectar the wild rose fills,  
That blooms and blushes by rippling rills,  
And smiles through the livelong day.

And oh! for a fairy boat to take  
Me over the waters blue  
Of beautiful Killarney Lake,  
Where wild birds chanted in sylvan brake  
A thrilling last adieu

As I left the cottage, ivy grown,  
Near the old oak by the well,  
From which the nestlings all have flown;  
Now rank wild weeds their seeds have sown  
Round the dear old house in the dell.

I sigh for the dance of the harvest home,  
When youths and maidens fair,  
Frolicking, rollicking, hastened to come,  
And the gossip's tongue for a time was dumb,  
For all hearts were free from care.

I sigh! I die! in the stranger's land,  
No matter how fair it be;  
For I cannot grasp the alien's hand  
And frame fair speeches at command  
Expressive of loyalty.

King Christmas marches down the line  
With royal gifts and music fine  
That make my heart more sad  
For the dear old scenes of long ago  
And the dear old faces lying low  
That made Christmas times so glad.

The world grows gray in the twilight dim  
When the lights are turned low,  
And we chant by the yule log the Christmas hymn  
About the Star of Bethlehem  
We learned so long ago.

But the past is gone beyond recall  
And silent and sad is the manger stall  
And tears unbidden flow;  
For the ghosts that haunt us come at will  
Our cup of memory to fill—  
And temper each joy with woe.

## MY VALENTINE.

My Valentine is young and fair,  
The sunbeams linger in her hair,  
As loving to caress her.  
Her eyes are bits of heaven's blue,  
Where little twinkling stars shine through.  
May God Almighty bless her!

The golden ringlets of her hair  
Have formed a chain so soft and fair,  
Around my heart forever;  
And when I kiss her dimpled chin  
I breathe a prayer, my heart within  
That naught our love may sever.

"Gladys" is my sweetheart's name.  
Already she is known to fame,  
In many a song and sonnet.  
Her form is molded in true grace,  
And O! the beauty of her face  
Framed in a dainty bonnet.

To hear her lisping words, so wise,  
Revealing dreams of Paradise  
Ere sin had cursed the earth.  
For hours she sits upon my knee,  
Whispering mysteries to me  
Of Life and Death and Birth.

In her companionship I find  
A solace for a troubled mind.

However great the pain,  
She brings to every gloomy mood  
Her balm of Gilead, tried and good,  
To make me well again.

She's only six years old, you see;  
But fancy what my love will be  
When she is seventeen!  
Will she be grandma's sweetheart then?  
Or will the very best of men  
Step in as Go-between?

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### EVICTED—AN IRISH SCENE.

He stood where the children used to play,  
In the shady yard by the old oak tree—  
He leaned on his staff and thus did pray:  
“Lord, in Thy mercy remember me,  
I am nearly three-score years and ten,  
And life's sad day is well-nigh o'er.  
If my soul rebels at the deeds of men,  
I need Thy pity, my Lord, the more.

“My young hands planted this giant oak;  
There, 'neath its shade is Molly's bower,  
Where her golden curls I used to stroke  
Ere her young heart dreamed of another lover.

Close by is the hawthorn in full bloom  
My Johnny planted when five years old.  
I laid some blossoms on his tomb;  
Maybe he knows the farm is sold!

"My grandfather built of solid stones  
That humble cot where I first drew breath;  
In yonder churchyard they laid his bones  
After he toiled himself to death.  
Father died of fever while young,  
Leaving the home to mother and me.  
Then the thorns of care first stung  
The hand that planted the old oak tree.

"I cannot help thinking that cot is mine,  
Though the sale is legal, the people say;  
But, ah me! the law draws a crooked line  
When a man owes what he cannot pay.  
But what does it matter, I'm old and sad,  
And I pray kind heaven to take me in:  
The Bible says there is rest to be had  
And that Jesus died for all our sin."

Oh! An Irish sunset is fair to see,  
With Castle Cloon in its mellow glow,  
But a white dead face by the old oak tree  
Is the saddest sight the earth can show.  
Yet beyond the sunset are homes of light,  
Mansions eternal of peace and love,  
And the laws of that country are just and right,  
For Christ is king in the Courts above.

## A POEM FOR THE CENTURY.

He paused when midway up the aisle  
And calmly gazed around,  
While painted faces wore a smile,  
Although on holy ground,  
Aimed at the face that knew no guile,  
And never stooped to action vile,  
In heavenly beauty crowned.

His clothes were threadbare, on His face  
Sat holy thoughts; not proud—  
Alas! for Him there was no place  
Amid that godless crowd,  
Where empty pews, with ghostly stare,  
Said tauntingly, "Reserved with care  
For dry bones, in their shroud."

The warden, pompous, fat and rude,  
Said, "Yonder by the door  
Are special seats, when folks intrude  
Who are so very poor.  
Look at his coat, his toil-stained hand;  
Pray, make him clearly understand  
His place is at the door!"

A hireling, in the place of prayer  
Said roughly, "You come down  
There by the door. We do not care  
To wait on every clown.  
Our church is fashionable. You  
Cannot afford to rent a pew,  
Therefore come quickly down."



A glory not of earth o'erspread  
The Stranger's face. His eye  
A pleading glance to heaven sped  
And then He heaved a sigh.  
"This is my Father's house," He said;  
"I came in search of heavenly bread  
That none can eat, and die."

He walked into the nearest pew  
Where knelt a little child  
With upturned eyes of heavenly blue,  
And modest air and mild,  
And it was something strange and sweet  
To see before the mercy seat  
The two souls, undefiled.

He sang as if the choirs of heaven  
For earth made holiday;  
He prayed as if to Him was given  
The universe to sway,  
And in His mien there was a grace  
That dignified the sacred place  
As doth the sun the day.

"Come unto me," the pastor said,  
"And I will give you rest."  
The Stranger calmly raised His head  
And that vast throng addressed  
Before the pastor found a word.  
He held the fashionable crowd,  
And wooed them into rest.

"Come unto me, you weary souls,  
Who rest not day or night;  
Before God's judgment o'er you rolls  
In retributive might.  
For you, to-day, have crucified  
The Son of God, and have denied  
Him room, within your sight.

"Come unto me, the Lamb of God,  
Who died that you might live  
And, poor and weary, life's road trod,  
Eternal life to give.  
To all who seek His heavenly face,  
And find Him, in their hearts, a place  
Wherein to work and live."

They knew the Master, when His hand  
Was raised in pleading tone;  
He wore that air of high command  
That rests on Kings alone.  
He was their New Year's guest of love  
To woo their souls to things above  
That they might share His throne.

They thronged around to worship Him  
And kneel before His feet,  
But in the singing of the hymn  
He vanished from His seat;  
While high o'er human voices came  
Those thrilling words, as burning flame  
Of inspiration sweet:

"I am the Christ of Galilee,  
The poor man's friend and brother;  
You do the evil unto me  
When you despise another,  
A Christian is a man whose creed  
Is sympathy with human need,  
And Love ye one another."

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### INDEPENDENCE OF CUBA.

This is the first Independence Day  
Poor Cuba ever knew.  
Hurrah, boys! fire the rockets high  
And hold a grand review.  
'Tis better to die 'neath a foreign sky  
Than live slaves, at home forever.  
Sing o'er again, "Remember the Maine"  
And the brave lads that came back never.

Hurrah for the flag with its stars and stripes  
That floats over land and sea!  
And Hurrah for fair Columbia,  
The land of the brave and free,  
The cradle of manhood strong and true,  
Triumphant o'er toil and pain!  
And Hurrah! Hurrah! for the soldier lads  
Who never came back again!

They sleep full soundly far away;  
Be still; not quite so loud!  
They cannot share in your holiday  
Who died without shroud or shroud.

And some have died of famine,  
More cruel than the sword,  
While our garners teemed with plenty  
And our coffers overpoured.

Boys, be still one moment, pray,  
And hear this touching story  
About a hero who went away  
In search of fame and glory;  
His mother knelt for him in prayer  
Before their cottage door,  
And his sweetheart sobbed, "I greatly fear  
He will return no more."

He was a poor man's son, but brave  
And rich in manly beauty;  
He died his country's flag to save,  
A martyr to his duty.  
No marble slab tells where he lies,  
Inscribed with his honored name;  
There is no ado when a soldier dies,  
The leaders reap all the fame.

They found above his lifeless heart  
A little lock of hair,  
And a letter from his mother  
Commending to God's care  
Her boy, "God guard you, Charlie;  
The Glorious Fourth is here;  
And we have placed your cannon  
Just where they stood last year.

"We have hung your silken banner  
Above the window-sill,  
But father looks careworn,  
And the boys look graver still;  
They say, 'Our Charlie will be home  
When next the Fourth comes 'round;  
He has grand fireworks to-day  
In Cuba, I'll be bound.'"

Boys, go on and celebrate!  
I cannot tell the rest—  
About his sweetheart, you may guess it,  
But silence here is best.  
For this is a true story  
That happened last July,  
When our noble boys were fighting  
To conquer or to die.

I cannot help conceiving  
How happy we would be  
If all the kingdoms of the earth  
Lived on in harmony,  
Holding on high the banner  
The Prince of Peace has given,  
Till every clime and country  
Became an earthly heaven.

Each boy may be a hero  
In peace as well as war,  
And never let his banner  
Of honor lose a star.  
Fighting for truth and virtue,  
In life's vast battle plain,  
Till boys in blue and boys in gray  
Shall Home return again.

## THE AMULET.

As the soldiers rode to battle,  
One lad reined up his steed,  
To where a little maiden  
Stood wishing him "Godspeed."  
She tried to speak, but sobs alone  
Greeted the soldier lad;  
His fortitude called up a smile,  
Although his heart felt sad.

"'Twill be a fearful battle, Lenn,  
And maybe—well, you see  
Before it is all over  
'Twill be eternity.  
But, darling, God is merciful;  
When shot and shell, like rain,  
Are flying o'er the battlefield,  
Pray I return again."

She took the bit of ribbon  
That tied her golden hair  
And pinned it to his coat-sleeve  
With tender, loving care.  
"It is a small love-token,"  
She lisped 'twixt sob and sigh,  
"Enough just to remind you  
Of Lenna's constancy."

At Gettysburg, the other day,  
A soldier rose, in camp,  
And told this little story  
Till comrades' eyes grew damp

When he held up that ribbon,  
Of ragged, faded blue,  
For forty thousand gallant men  
To take a fond last view.

"I've treasured over fifty years  
This precious amulet.  
Speak up! Who knows if Lenna,  
My love, is living yet?"  
"Lenna Bond of Gettysburg  
Has joined the grand review  
Beyond the cold, dark river,"  
Spake up her kinsman true.

"Boys, be still, let me explain,"  
The soldier weeping said.  
"On Gettysburg's fierce, bloody field,  
I was wounded—left for dead.  
My memory was shattered—  
The past was all a blank,  
Till a lad in gray stood over me  
To ascertain my rank.

" 'Sergeant,' he said, 'lean hard on me,  
You yet may stem the tide.' "  
The warrior turned his head away,  
His blinding tears to hide,  
And when he found his voice again,  
"Comrades," he feebly said,  
"I'll tie with it, forget-me-nots,  
To grace her narrow bed."

## IN MEMORIAM.

EDWARD LEO MCCORMICK.

God rest our noble boy,  
Within eternal joy,  
    Beyond the sun;  
And give us faith to say,  
God gave and took away  
Our comfort and our stay.  
    "His will be done."

Eddie, when nights are long  
We'll miss thy cheerful song,  
    Thy gay good-night.  
While thou in endless day,  
Art gone with Christ to stay,  
Where tears are wiped away  
    In perfect light.

When June returns again  
With roses in her train,  
    In deathless bloom;  
'Mid flowers fresh and fair,  
Fanned by celestial air,  
Free from all pain and care,  
    Thou art at home.

'Tis hard to say "farewell,"  
Harder than tongue can tell;  
    Never to see  
Thy kind and gentle face  
In the accustomed place,  
Except God soothes with grace  
    Our agony.



Earth to earth and clay to clay,  
In holy trust we lay away  
    Our noble boy;  
Hoping to meet once more,  
Upon a brighter shore,  
Our darling gone before,  
    To endless joy.

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### ASTERS.

How beautiful! how beautiful!  
    The smile the asters wear,  
With faces turned heavenward,  
    Without regret or fear:  
Brave children of a hardy race,  
    Lithe tillers of the soil,  
Their sweet simplicity and grace  
    No studied art can spoil.

Here they display red, white and blue,  
    Dear colors of our nation;  
There purple, blue and violet,  
    To please the whole creation.  
They are the children's flowers,  
    Abundant, varied, free,  
And charming autumn asters  
    Are just the flowers for me.

How forcibly they teach us  
    That every thought and deed  
Is graven on the human face  
    That he who runs may read

The native color of each soul  
Through every feigned disguise,  
As lovers read their destiny  
In love-illuminated eyes.

Sweet asters, in your unity  
This principle I read:  
Be tolerant and loving,  
Whatever be your creed;  
It is not well to wrangle  
O'er doctrines dark and deep,  
While Christian faith and hope and love,  
In sorrow, fall asleep.

" 'Tis well," you say, "that we to all  
Be long suffering and kind,  
Lest politics and prejudice  
Render us color-blind;  
And let us be in everything  
Exactly what we seem,  
For Truth is no delusion  
And virtue is no dream."

For, far into the future  
Of God's Eternity,  
We cast our seeds of promise,  
Whatever they may be;  
God grant that, like the asters  
When spring returns again,  
We may be bright and beautiful,  
And death to us be gain.

## AUTUMN WINDS.

Oh, Autumn winds that cool my brow,  
You bring me joy and pain,  
I know not which predominates  
Nor can I well explain;  
You come from scenes of childhood,  
So very far away,  
From the meadows and the wildwood,  
Where we, children, loved to play.

You sweep o'er ruined dwellings,  
O'er nest from which have flown  
The nestlings of the summer,  
Dost know where they have gone?  
Oh! Autumn winds that cool my brow,  
What brings this fever pain?  
You cannot soothe my anguish now,  
Although I weep in vain.

You are fickle, Winds of Autumn,  
Capricious, proud and vain,  
Speed fast and leave me calmly  
To battle with my pain.  
You know the dear old oak tree  
Beside the homestead door,  
Where you whirled your golden scepter  
In a kingdom now no more.

\* \* \*

I will away to the wildwood  
Far from the city's strife,  
And dream again of the golden days  
At the golden gate of life;

When the merry laugh of childhood  
Came floating on the breeze,  
As we strung our coral necklets,  
From the tall, red rowan trees.

Harken! Oh, Winds of Autumn,  
Before you pass away,  
Is there no summer city  
Where little children play,  
With golden streets, and fruit trees,  
And rivers flowing by,  
Where healing comes on every breeze  
And loved ones never die?

I am so weary of earth's strife,  
Its turmoil, sin and sorrow,  
They trouble you not in your onward life  
To a colder, more dread to-morrow;  
You lift up the pall of the pauper's rags,  
And laugh thro' the broken door,  
Where famine and death are creeping  
Over the rotten floor!

"Oh, No! No!" roared back the Wind,  
"Old friend, why wrong me so?  
It is I who leave good fruit behind  
And show where the pumpkins grow.  
I am a messenger of good,  
But greed rules human hearts.  
There is plenty of food and to spare for all  
In the world's o'erflowing marts.

"I would gladly scatter the yellow gold  
    Could I hold it in my hand,  
Like the golden grain and fruit I throw  
    In showers o'er the land;  
I am only a type of a spirit fair  
    That touches the human heart,  
With the love of God, and tells despair,  
    And sorrow, and sin, depart."

September, 1899.

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### LOVE.

Love is the soft wind of the south,  
    Lulling to sleep the restless wave;  
The last fond kiss of pallid mouth  
    This side the portal of the grave.

Love is the essence of the rose,  
    Soaring, soaring away to greet the sun,  
Diffusing sweetness as it goes,  
    Until its earthly race is run.

Love is the talisman whose hold  
    Encircles Fate with kindly hand,  
Turning the dross of life to gold,  
    And beautifying desert land.

Love ever seeks its objects good  
    Though in itself is its completion;  
God-like it owns not claims of blood  
    But glorifies its own creation.

## NEW YEAR—1901.

You are welcome, you bright little fellow!  
Come in, take a seat by the fire;  
We will give you a warm reception  
Because of our love to your sire.

You are young and know little, or nothing,  
Of the curious trend of the age.  
Events that have lately transpired  
Leave dark blots on History's page.

For instance, the war in the Transvaal,  
So cruel, revengeful, unjust.  
Why not leave the poor Boers to their farms,  
Their mines and their handful of dust?

And then, the Chinese, Oh, the Pagans!  
What cruelties have they not wrought?  
Why not leave them to Father Confucius?  
They shamed the good precepts he taught.

Oh me! there are heathens around us—  
In London, New York and right here;  
The outcasts of civilization,  
Who have long since forgotten Christ's prayer.

It seems like gnat-straining to blame them—  
Fleeced lambs to the slaughter house come.  
Before seeking poor lost souls in China  
Why not sweep our doorsteps at home?

America widens her borders  
But harbors the "Army Canteen."  
Alas! for the Garden of Eden  
When snakes crawl the flowers between!

You are green, little ivy-crowned Monarch  
Of the year Nineteen Hundred and One.  
And I am a garrulous person  
Who wants to know, "What's to be done?"

Then up spoke the royal young Monarch,  
With the firm resolve of a man:  
"I have pledged my allegiance to heaven  
And will set matters right, if I can.

"No bribery, no frauds or corruption  
In government I shall allow.  
It is selling one's birthright for pottage  
And breaking a most solemn vow.

"I will teach coming ages this lesson  
As older I grow and more strong,  
That humanity must bend the fetters  
That bind it to anything wrong.

"For the Kingdom of God is within us,  
And each man a priest and a king  
Ordained for the service of heaven  
The promised millennium to bring.

"And soon, very soon, all shall learn  
That love is the keynote to peace.  
Their swords shall be beaten to plowshares  
And the captives shall all have release.

"I will wake up the indolent churches  
And a scourge of small cords I shall make,  
Of the tatters of widows and orphans  
Whose ermine the hypocrites take.

"I will slay all the Trust corporations  
Established to plunder the poor,  
That the Golden Age, laden with plenty  
May enter the cottager's door.

"I will shelter the weak and innocent  
That Virtue may lift up her head,  
Exalting a purified Nation,  
Where the Spirit of God has been shed.

"I will break down the wall or partition  
That severs the rich from the poor.  
For in Christ all God's children are brothers  
And enter their home through one door.

"I will shelter the weak and innocent  
By public opinion, so strong  
That our daughters may grow as the lilies  
Whose purity shieldeth from wrong.

"And then I will go to my fathers  
And sleep the calm sleep of the just,  
Till eternity hands in the record  
To God, in whom only we trust."



## THE LOST SMILE.

(A German Legend.)

A little maid awoke one day  
And found her bright smile gone.  
"I'll hunt it up," she bravely said,  
"My playfellows among."  
So she went and asked the wind  
That frolicked with her hair,  
"Pray tell me wind, if you have seen  
My lost smile anywhere."

The wind roared loudly to the child:  
"Not I, not I, indeed;  
'Tis strange how people lose their smiles,  
I think they should take heed.  
But I may hunt it up for you,  
I travel everywhere;  
And if you get it back again  
Be very careful, dear."

She wandered by the babbling brook  
Where little minnows run.  
"Pray tell me brooklet, if you stole  
Away my smile, for fun?"  
"Not I, indeed," the brooklet said,  
"Your smile I do not need;  
The sun brings thousands every day  
My sparkling mood to feed."

"Bright sun," she said, with wistful glance,  
"You look so high and wise,  
Kindly tell me if you stole  
My smile for a surprise."

"Sweet little maiden," said the sun,  
    "The raindrops form my bow  
Of smiles so bright and beautiful;  
    They are all I want, you know."

"Oh dear me," cried the little one,  
    Shaking her weary head,  
"I will not find it, I'm afraid,  
    Before I go to bed.  
But I must search and search, and search,  
    The wide world up and down  
For when we lose our sunny smile  
    We are very apt to frown."

She entered then a cottage door  
    Where lay a little child  
Asleep upon the lap of Death,  
    And lo! the infant smiled!  
"Ah, cruel Death," she cried in tears,  
    "You are the thief I know,  
Who robs the living of their smiles  
    To deck your sleepers so."

To this Death answered deep and low:  
    "My children weep no more,  
And therefore look more beautiful  
    And smiling than before;  
And from earth's fairest gardens  
    The choicest buds we take,  
For sleeping ones to play with  
    Whenever they awake."

Beside a stream old Mother Time  
Wove locks of silver hair.  
"It may be," thought the child,  
"She weaves my bright smile over there."  
And then she timidly drew near,  
And said, "Dear Mother Time,  
Somebody stole my sunny smile,  
Can you detect the crime?"

"I cannot, child," said Mother Time,  
"My work, you see, is slow,  
I keep Forgetfulness and Hope  
My errands all to do;  
But my good neighbor Wisdom  
May guide you on the way  
To where your sunny smile is gone.  
I wish you now, good day."

"Dear Wisdom, can you help me find  
A treasure I have lost?  
I've heard that you are always kind,  
When people need you most."  
But Wisdom gravely answered,  
"Dear child, I cannot do  
Aught in the way of finding smiles:  
I teach folks what to know."

"I wish I knew," the child exclaimed.  
"Experience teaches best,  
I will arise and go to her—  
The sun sinks in the west."

Experience looked up with a smile,  
"I live to make folks wise,"  
She said, "but very few indeed,  
Behold things with my eyes.

"Go home and you will find a smile  
Awaiting your return,  
It is no use when things are lost  
To make ado and mourn.  
'Tis better to keep constant watch  
Than run ten miles around  
In search of what our folly lost  
That never can be found."

So home again the maiden ran,  
Weary, worn and sad,  
And for the friends who greeted her  
No sunny smile she had.  
"She was so bright and beautiful."  
She heard the people say,  
"Whatever has come over her?  
She must have gone astray."

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### BETWEEN.

(For Decoration Day.)

I stood 'neath the star-gemmed heavens  
Beside the graves of my dead.  
Anguish too deep for weeping,  
Its gloom o'er my spirit shed.

I cried to the depths of azure  
The burden of my pain:—  
“Great soul of this awful vastness,  
Shall my loved ones live again?”

Silence above and beneath me.  
Only the moaning wind  
Rustling the cypress branches  
With touches soft and kind.  
The flowers glanced up in pity,  
Methought, in the moonlight cold,  
Like sympathizing children  
When sorrowful tales are told.

But from above no answer,  
And from below no sound.  
I stood in the awful silence—  
Infinity around.  
“I loved them,” I moaned in sorrow.  
“Shall I never, never more  
Behold them some fair morrow  
On this, or some other shore?”

“You loved them,” a soft voice echoed  
The silences between;  
“Love keepeth its own forever,  
The unseen within the seen.  
Enshrined in the hearts of the living  
The loved ones forever dwell,  
And the Heart of the Great Eternal  
Alone can Death’s secret tell.”

**THE LAST INVESTMENT.**

(A Poem for Labor Day.)

Four little bits of babies,  
The oldest scarcely five,  
Were huddled in a corner,  
More dead than they were alive.  
The mother, pale and weary,  
Sat brooding o'er the case,  
With hunger gnawing at her heart,  
And tears upon her face.

A step upon the threshold,  
Averts her drooping eyes;  
"What news of work, my husband?"  
And slowly he replies,  
"It is the same all over;  
No work, no hope, no trust;  
I've made my last investment;  
The babes must have a crust."

They gazed on one another:  
Intelligent surprise  
Explained to each the purpose,  
Told only by the eyes.  
The water rent was called for,  
The gas bill overdue,  
The house rent; well, God pity!  
Whatever would they do?

The strong man, in his manhood,  
Bowed down his head, and wept!  
" 'Tis not my fault, my darling,  
That I've not better kept  
The vow I made to cherish"—  
Then starting to his feet:  
"The children will not hunger  
Upon the golden street."

Next day a neighbor found them,  
Beyond the reach of woe;  
Where 'mid the trees of healing,  
The living waters flow.  
The gas bill counted higher,  
But it would have to wait;  
And if good times are coming,  
To some they come too late.

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### LINES ON AN IRISH DAISY.

Stranger, though to you it seemeth  
But a little faded thing,  
I can love it for the memories  
That around it fondly cling.  
I can kiss its drooping eyelids,  
Bathe with tears its eye of gold;  
Do you wonder at my weeping?  
Wait until my tale is told.

In fair fields beyond the ocean  
I have seen the daisies grow,  
Without any deep emotion  
I have chained them in a row,  
Round the fair neck of my sister,  
Round my little brother's hat,  
In my native sunny meadows  
I have toyed with flowers like that.

Mother, in our twilight rambles,  
Always bore them in her hand;  
Father gathered us a bouquet  
When in spring he ploughed the land.  
Sister Anna culled this flower  
From the green sod where it grew,  
With its modest face uplifted,  
Keeping heaven still in view.

Thus across the wide, wild ocean,  
On a wintry voyage come,  
It has brought to me a message  
From the loving ones at home.  
Oh! what tender thoughts awaken,  
As I hold it in my hand;  
Thoughts of home and happy childhood,  
Thoughts of God and fatherland.







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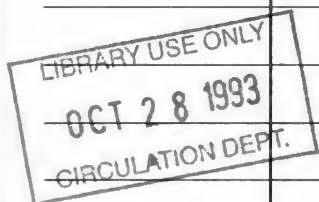
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